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About the Postcard Above My Desk

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About the Postcard Above My Desk

by Helen Wickes

I'm sure it was meant to get me writing,
but I don't think Mr. Samuel Beckett cares
if another word gets written. He makes me
want to break every pen in the house, put on
a hat, and walk. For years. Until my shoes

wear out, until everyone I know has died,
until the world is completely unrecognizable.
I didn't give him this power. He took it word
by word. I tell him, *Look at your funny ears,*
your coat's too big, your hair's a wreck.

Some days I call him Sam, or Monsieur. Or to get
his goat, which someone's got to do, *Macushla,*
the Irish for dear, but mostly it's Beckett.
I like the coldness. And the echo of Peter
O'Toole bowing his head at the altar. Knowing

they're coming to get him. Of course I could
remove the card, but this guy would haunt me
from any drawer or pocket. This character
thinks he runs the show. He stares down,
bemused, unmoved if I read a cheesy magazine

or go to the window to mourn the robin's egg
crushed on the pavement. I tell him the sky
is blue, but what's a sky to a guy in eternity.
Look at the world you left, old man. We're here,
your lost children, listening for a sign.